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A

# HISTORY READER

FOR

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

BY

L. L. W. WILSON, PH.D.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION  
BELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

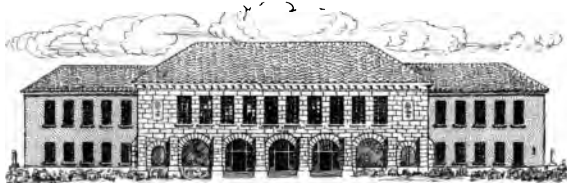
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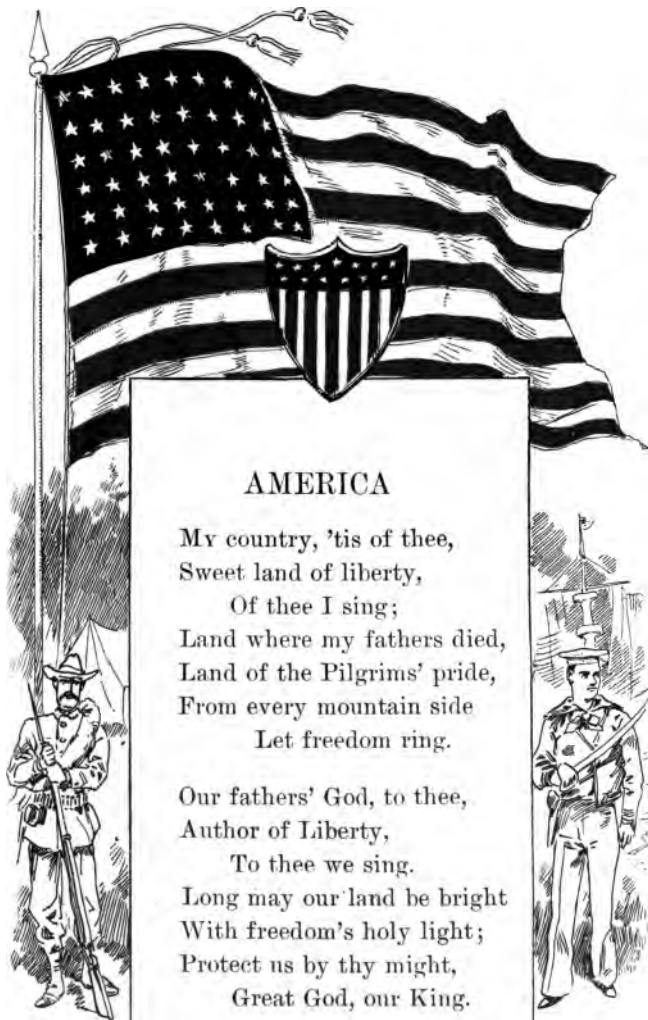
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## AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

# GRY READER

## ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

DESIGNED BY

JOHN C. HOLLAND

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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NEW YORK

1895

**DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION  
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## PREFACE

A MANUAL for teachers on History in the Elementary School is now in process of publication.

Until this is issued the following suggestions may be of some value to the teachers who wish to make a profitable use of the reader.

### SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Children like best to read about things of which they already know. Therefore fill the children's minds with the central thought for the month, with other stories, and occasionally with these same stories amplified, before their own reading begins.

With colored crayons put on the board, in September, drawings of the Indians; in October, the ships of Columbus and of the Vikings; in November, the wild turkey; in May and June, the flags. Stencils of Washington, Grant, Lincoln, Franklin, and the other American worthies make large graphic likenesses on the blackboard.

Prang publishes a number of inexpensive color reproductions of famous historic scenes.

More interesting than even the largest and most brilliantly colored of pictures are impromptu games

and plays based on the stories, in which the children are the happy actors.

Let the stage properties be few. And just here a hint may be sufficient; viz. children like to be trees *almost* as well as to be wild Indians!

In regard to the use of these stories for reading, I would suggest the following method as one of the many ways in which children may be taught to become fluent, intelligent readers:—

Divide the time allotted to reading into two periods as widely separated from each other as possible.

In the first of these teach all of the new words, and drill upon them thoroughly. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the importance of this preparatory word study.

In general, the following methods will be satisfactory with second and third year pupils:—

I. Write upon the board a new word with all the diacritical marks that may be necessary to enable the pupil to pronounce it correctly.

II. Teach the meaning of the word.

III. Proceed in the same way with several other words.

IV. Drill on the instant recognition of these words without diacritical marks.

V. Let the pupils write the words from dictation, marking the sounds and accents, and dividing it properly into syllables.

Later in the day let him read the lesson for the

sake of the thought. Do not take it for granted that no further teaching is necessary, but remember, too, that it is now the pupil's time to talk.

If he does not read well now, it is because he fails to grasp the thought. A word, a question, will often clear up the obscurity in his mind. Lead him to think, not to imitate.

It is a good idea to have a systematic plan for silent reading. Many of the short stories in this little book will lend themselves easily to this device. On this work may be based a subsequent oral and written language lesson.

Above all, do not neglect to cultivate his taste, —his literary and artistic instincts. What stanza, or what line, or what part of this did you like best? Why? are questions always in order and always interesting.

L. L. W. WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA NORMAL SCHOOL.





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JANUARY.

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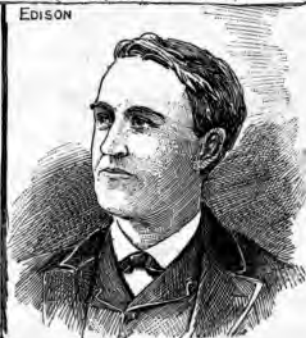
BORN JANUARY 17, 1706.



MORSE



FRANKLIN



EDISON





## BOYHOOD OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

IN 1706 there was a little boy born in Boston named Benjamin Franklin.

It was nothing new to have a baby in that house.

For the little Benjamin had sixteen brothers and sisters.

Maybe you think it was jolly to have so many playmates.

But the father was poor because he had so many children to support. Benjamin had not much time for play.

When he was ten years old he was taken from school to help his father.

His father kept a little shop. He made and sold soap and candles.

The boy had to cut the wicks for the candles, and fill the moulds with melted tallow.

Sometimes he had to tend shop and run errands.

Benjamin did not like this work. He wished to go to sea, and be a sailor.

His father tried to turn the boy's mind away from this idea.

At last, he asked his son if he would not like to be a printer like his oldest brother, James.

Benjamin was pleased with this, for he was very fond of books.

He thought that making books would be better work than making candles.

So he was apprenticed to his brother James.

James was already a grown man, and had a printing-office of his own.

An apprentice is one who is bound to stay for a number of years to learn his trade.

For a while, little Benjamin was very happy.

As he was often sent to the bookstores, he had a chance to borrow books.

He sometimes sat up all night to read one of these books.

Benjamin would much rather have a book than a good dinner.

He asked his brother to give him money and let him board himself.

In this way he saved some money to buy books.

He used to read them while the other printers were at dinner.

Every day he read the little newspaper that his brother printed.

He wanted to write for the paper, but he knew that his brother would laugh at the idea.

So he wrote some things and put them under the door of the printing-office.

James Franklin never suspected that Benjamin had written these articles.

You may imagine how proud Benjamin was to see them in print.

But the two brothers did not get along very well together.

The older brother was stern, and, perhaps, Benjamin was saucy.

At last, when Benjamin was seventeen years old, he ran away.



He went to New York in a sailing-vessel.  
But, finding no work, he started for Philadelphia.

---

## FRANKLIN IN PHILADELPHIA

HE had a long and rough journey. Many times he was homesick.



At last, one morning, he walked into Philadelphia.

You should have seen this poor, friendless runaway boy.

His clothes were torn, and spattered with mud.

His pockets were stuffed out with his spare stockings and shirts.

He had a long roll of bread under each arm, which he had just bought from the baker.

Another roll of bread he ate as he walked along.

You would have laughed at him, I am sure.

Just as a young girl named Deborah Reed did.

She stood at the door of her father's house and laughed heartily at him.

Years afterwards this same young girl became his wife.

This was the way that Franklin entered Philadelphia.

But this poor, friendless boy became the greatest man in the city.

Philadelphia is proud of him to this day.

What did he do, to be remembered so long and so well ?

Let us see.



## FRANKLIN, THE PRINTER

HE got work with a printer named Keimer.

But people soon noticed him as different from other workmen.

He spent all his time, out of the printing-shop, in reading.

He spent his evenings with a few other young men who loved books.

The young printer soon had a good deal of money saved.

He went back to Boston to visit his father and mother.

They were very glad to see him so prosperous.

He wore a good suit of clothes. He carried a watch and had some money in his pocket.

He returned to Philadelphia and after some years started a printing-press of his own.

He started a newspaper which turned out to be the best one in America.

You see he had been used to writing ever since he was a little boy.

In those days books were scarce.

Only rich people could afford to buy nice books.

But everybody bought an almanac.

Franklin published a little book of this sort.

It was called "Poor Richard's Almanac."

People bought it because they liked to read the wise sayings of Poor Richard.

But everybody knew that "Poor Richard" was Franklin himself.

Franklin thought of a plan by which people could read books without buying them.

This was no less than to have a free public library.

This was a glorious thought.

The poor man now had his library as well as the rich man.

After Franklin started the public library in Philadelphia many other cities did the same thing.

Ask your teacher to tell you about the great public library in Boston, and in Washington.

Franklin studied hard all the time. He learned several languages without the aid of a teacher.

He had married Deborah Reed by this time. She helped him in the shop. He sold stationery and also kept a printing-office.

They lived very plainly, and the printer was getting rich.



## FRANKLIN'S KITE

Now we come to the time when he made a great discovery.

This was something that made him famous all over the world.

At that time people did not know much about electricity.

This is a long word to you, but one that you often hear.

For electricity does much for us now.

So we know its name as well as our own.

It brings us swiftly to school in the morning  
on the trolley car.

It lights our churches and halls and houses.

It carries a message from father's office.

It brings us the news every day from all  
parts of the world.

But this silent servant of ours was not so well  
known in Franklin's time.

They did not even know that electricity was the  
same sort of a thing as the lightning in the sky.

Franklin thought of a plan to find this out.

Now you will certainly laugh when I tell you  
that it was nothing more nor less than to fly a  
kite!

But what a kite!

Instead of paper he used a silk handkerchief.

At its top he placed a metal point.

From the metal point ran down a string of  
hemp, by which he could fly it.

At the end of the hemp string was fastened a  
key.

But Franklin did not hold to the key.

He had a bit of silk ribbon in his hand.

This was tied to the string above the key.

It was not on a pleasant sunny spring day  
that he first tried to fly this strange kite.

It was at night, during a thunder-storm.

Now, perhaps you see why he could not make the kite of paper.

But why did he have the metal point, and the hemp string, and the key, and the silk ribbon?

Franklin knew that electricity would be attracted by a metal point.

He knew that electricity would also run along a hemp string and to a metal key.

He knew also that the electricity would not run along a silk ribbon.

Now do you see the use of the sharp metal point?

Do you understand that the electricity would not give him a shock because of the silk ribbon?

In a moment you will see the use of the key.

One stormy night he went out and sent up his kite.

All at once he saw the little fibres of the hemp string stand up.

He held his hand near the key and felt the electricity.

Then he knew for certain that lightning was electricity.

This discovery led him to invent the lightning-rod.

The great men of Europe heard with wonder what Franklin had found out.

They said that he was one of the greatest men in the world.

They called him, after this, Doctor Franklin.



## FRANKLIN IN FRANCE

DOCTOR FRANKLIN did other services for his country.

You have read about the war between the people in America and the English king.

Doctor Franklin was one of the men who helped to make the Declaration of Independence.

The colonies needed some other country to help them.

So they sent Doctor Franklin to France to ask the King for help.

This poor printer had to appear before the great King of France.

Some one who saw him then, says :—

“Doctor Franklin is very much run after by all people who can get hold of him.

“He has an agreeable face.

“His spectacles are always on his eyes.

“He has but little hair. A fur cap is always on his head.

“He wears no powder. His linen is very white. A brown coat makes his dress.”

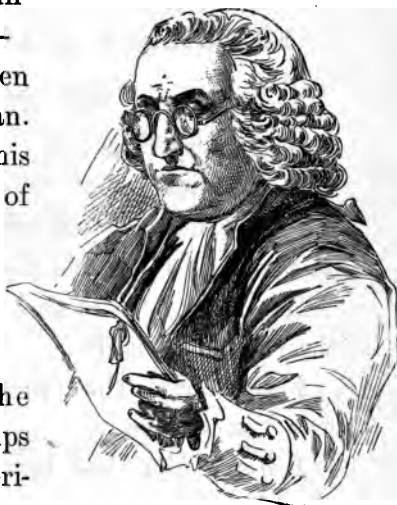
At one of the grand companies to which Doctor Franklin was invited, this happened: —

Some beautiful women came toward the old man.

They placed on his white locks a crown of laurel.

Then each gave the old man two kisses on his cheeks.

He persuaded the French king to give ships and money to the Americans.



When peace was made, Doctor Franklin started to leave Paris.

He was old and feeble.

So he was carried on the Queen's own litter till he reached the sea.

Then he got on board the big ship and came home to America.



He helped to make the Constitution of the United States.

He died in Philadelphia in 1790.



## FRANKLIN'S RULES OF CONDUCT

I WISHED to live without committing any fault at any time.

As I knew what was right and what was wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other.

But soon I found that this was more difficult than I had thought.

I concluded that merely thinking about it was not sufficient.

I found that bad habits must be broken and good ones acquired.

For this purpose I tried the following: —

I made a list of all the virtues that seemed to me desirable to acquire.

There were thirteen.

Here are some of them.

*Temperance.*

Do not either eat or drink too much.

*Silence.*

Speak not except to benefit yourself or others.

*Order.*

Let all your things have their places.

Let everything that you do have its time.

*Resolution.*

Resolve to do what you ought.

Do without fail what you ought.

*Frugality.*

Spend money only for the good of others or yourself.

Waste nothing.

*Industry.*

Lose no time.

Always be doing something useful.

*Sincerity.*

Deceive no one.

*Justice.*

Hurt no one.

Help those whom you ought to help.

*Moderation.*

Do not resent injuries even as much as you think that they deserve.

*Cleanliness.*

Be perfectly clean in body, clothes, and room.

*Tranquillity.*

Do not be disturbed by small things, or by common accidents that cannot be helped.

I made a book in which I kept a page for each virtue.

I ruled each page with red ink thus : —

## CLEANLINESS

Be perfectly clean in body, clothes, and room.

	SUN- DAY	MON- DAY	TUES- DAY	WED- NESDAY	THURS- DAY	FRI- DAY	SATUR- DAY
Temperance							
Silence							
Order							
Resolution							
Frugality							
Industry							
Sincerity							
Justice							
Moderation							
Cleanliness							
Tranquillity							

I gave a week's strict attention to each of the virtues.

Thus, one week I took great care to avoid the least uncleanness.

Every evening, however, I marked all the faults of the day.

So that if in this week, I could keep my line of cleanliness clear, I tried the next week to keep this and the next line clear.

I hoped in the end to be able to see a clear page.

But I was surprised to find myself much fuller of faults than I had thought.

Nevertheless, I had the satisfaction of seeing them grow less.

— Adapted from *Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography*.



## ELECTRICITY SINCE THE TIME OF FRANKLIN

WHEN Franklin lived, and for many, many years afterwards, it took weeks and months for news to go from one part of the country to another.

There was no railroad even.

The mails were carried by a man on horse-back or by a stage coach.

But now is it not wonderful !



When your father reads his paper, he knows what has happened in every part of the world the day before.

He knows what Congress did in Washington.

He knows that more gold has been found in the Klondike.

He knows that the people of Cuba have fought a battle with the soldiers of Spain.

He knows that the Queen had company for dinner.

He knows that the Emperor of China is going to war with Russia.

The electric telegraph sends the news.

The messages travel over the wires as quick as a wink.

## THE INDIAN TELEGRAPH

SOMETIMES the Indians sent a message in this way : —

An Indian built a fire.

When it blazed up, he threw on it an armful of green grass.

He quickly covered the fire with his blanket for a minute.

When he took his blanket off, a great puff of white smoke shot up into the air.

It sailed up like a great white cloud, or like a balloon.

This could be seen for many miles.

Those who were watching for it, knew what it meant.

They had arranged with him beforehand.

And by the number of puffs he told them what they wanted to know.



## COLONIAL TELEGRAPH

FIRE has been often used for telegraphing.

During the Revolution, a fire on a hilltop meant that the British were coming.

Those who saw it, lighted other fires farther away.

“To arms! The British are coming!”

This was the message carried by the fires, as plainly as the *tick-tick-tick* of the telegraph of to-day.

---

Bang! Bang! Bang!

These shots from a white man's gun meant: —

“The Indians are coming.”

Every one who heard it took his gun and fired three times.

Then he ran towards the place where the first shot had been fired.

So the news of the danger was sent along from one to another by firing.

Soon men were coming from every direction.

The Indians were then likely to be driven away.

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## A BOY'S TELEGRAPH

You probably have made a telegraph yourself which your chum understands.

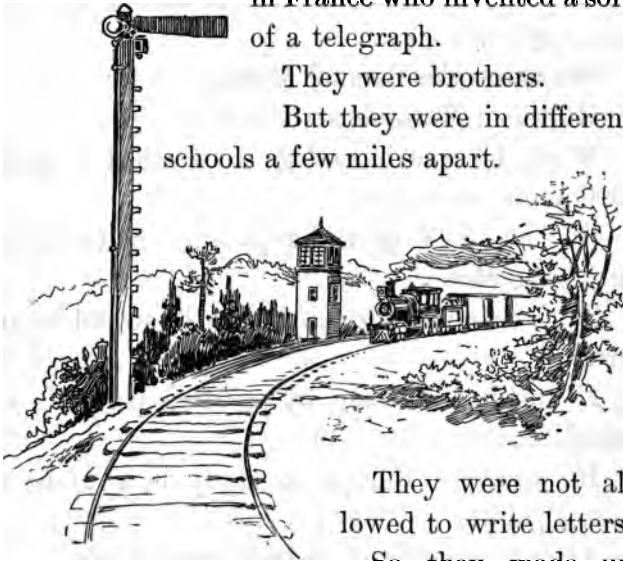
Have you not sometimes sent him a message with your finger tips?

What did the three shrill whistles mean that sent you running around the corner so quickly?

Once upon a time there were two schoolboys in France who invented a sort of a telegraph.

They were brothers.

But they were in different schools a few miles apart.



They were not allowed to write letters.

So they made up their minds to talk to each other by signs.

They put up poles with bars of wood.

These bars could be turned up or down.

Both knew what a change in the bars meant.

Perhaps you have seen signals somewhat like this on the railroads.

When these boys became men, they sold their invention to the French government.



## SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

At last the man who was to invent the real telegraph was born.

His name was Samuel Morse.

He was a Massachusetts boy.

While he was in college he learned a great deal about electricity.

But he liked to make pictures better than anything else.

So he made up his mind that he would be an artist.

He made his living by painting portraits of people on ivory.

He went to Europe to study how to be a better painter.

After four years of study he came back.

He was a better painter, but he was as poor as ever.

His clothes were old and his shoes were worn at the toes.

"My stockings," he said, "want to see my mother."

Morse painted many pictures, but he could not sell them.

He was forty years of age before he made his great invention.

He was too poor to make his machine.

He happened to tell his plan to a young man named Vail.

Vail was very clever and he had a rich father.

He persuaded his father to lend himself and Morse two thousand dollars.

Then they set to work in a room in Judge Vail's workshop in New Jersey.

But finally Judge Vail grew discouraged.

But at last the machine was ready to try.

Young Vail sent word to his father.

Judge Vail came into the little room, only half believing that they had really finished their work.

He wrote on a slip of paper these words: —

*"A patient waiter is no loser."*

"There," said he, "if you can send that to Morse, at the other end of the line, I shall be convinced."

*"Tick-tick-tick,"* went this first little machine.

And Morse read the message at his end of the line.

Great was the joy of every one.

---

Congress was told about it.

They gave Morse money to build a line from Washington to Baltimore.

A lady sent the first message over this telegraph.

It was this:—

“What God hath wrought!”

Samuel Morse was not poor and friendless after this.

He was honored both in Europe and America for his great invention.

When Samuel Morse was a very old man, the telegraph operators wished to do honor to him.

They put up a statue of him in Central Park, New York.

In the evening the people went to the Academy. When the old man came upon the stage, they stood up and cheered him.

He was led to a seat beside a small table.

On this was the first telegraph ever used.

It was connected with every telegraph wire in the world.

He need only to lay his finger on the key to speak to the whole world.

Everybody waited.

Then was heard the *click-click-click*.

The father of the telegraph was sending his farewell message.

“Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men.”



## THE ATLANTIC CABLE

THE Atlantic Cable is over two thousand miles long.

It runs through the ocean. One end is anchored at this continent of ours. The other end is in Ireland.

It was not easy to lay this long wire.

The men who tried it failed many times. People laughed at them. But they were patient. They believed that it could be done.

Two vessels sailed from Cork. Each had one half of the cable on board.

In the middle of the ocean they spliced the two halves. They put in a bent sixpence for luck, for this was the third time they had tried to lay the cable.

Then one vessel sailed back to Ireland. The other sailed west to Newfoundland.

It was done. A message was sent through it.

“England and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will to men.”

Queen Victoria cabled to our President. And he sent an answer back.

The people sent off fireworks, and praised and cheered the men who had done this.

But after a few weeks the cable did not work. Something was the matter.

The people who had laughed before, now laughed louder than ever.

“We told you so!” they said.

But the patient men who believed in it, tried to do it all over again.

It took them eight years, but they did not mind that.

For at last it was well done. From that day to this it brings us news.

And now there are five Atlantic Cables.

The longest cable is between London and Calcutta.

It is seven thousand miles long.

## ELECTRIC LIGHT

PERHAPS your grandfather will tell you how he used to make a light.

It was in some such way as this : —

He struck a piece of flint against a piece of steel. This made a spark of fire.

By letting this spark fall on something that would burn easily, he then started a fire.

Now he might light his pipe or his candle.

There were no matches then.

There was no gas to burn.

Of course there was no beautiful electric light.

Now when we wish to light our rooms, we touch a button in the wall.

What wizard has done this, do you know ?

I shall tell you about him in a little while.



## THE TELEPHONE

DID you ever try to talk along a string to a boy holding the other end ?

Would it not be wonderful to talk along a wire one thousand miles long ?

“Hello!” a man in New York says at his end of the wire.

“Hello!” the other man answers in Chicago.

Then he buys wheat, or something else, and says good by.

The wizard has been at work again.



## THE PHONOGRAPH

I AM sure that you have put the little rubber tubes to your ears and have heard the band play.

Or you have heard a voice singing “Ben Bolt.”

Or, perhaps, some one has said in your ears:—

“Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Smith will now play on the cornet ‘The Last Rose of Summer.’”

And all the time there is only a little cylinder going round and round.

Do you not think there must really be a wizard somewhere?



And then think of the moving pictures!

Oh, I know that you have seen them!

And think, too, of the cars without horses that bring you to school!

And see them at night sometimes when a gay crowd of young folks take a ride.

How beautiful they are, all covered with red, yellow, and green lights!

But all this is only play to the great things that this great inventor has made.

Let me tell you something about the man himself.



## THE GREAT INVENTOR

HE lives at Menlo Park in New Jersey.

His name is Thomas A. Edison.

Perhaps you think that is a plain name for a great man.

Thomas is an every-day sort of a name. It is hard to believe that any Thomas that you know will become a great man some day.

But this was not an every-day sort of Thomas.

When he was twelve years old, he was a newsboy on a Grand Trunk Railroad train.

It ran between Detroit and Port Huron. The parents of Thomas lived at Port Huron.



He sold apples, figs, toys, newspapers, and magazines.

While selling his papers, he thought that he might as well get up a paper of his own.

He bought some type in Detroit. He used part of a freight car for his printing-office. He wrote and printed the paper all by himself.

He called it "The Grand Trunk Herald."

It was a little paper, twelve inches by sixteen inches. It sold for three cents a copy.

The little editor and printer became quite famous.

It was the only paper in the world printed on a railroad train.

One of the great papers in England, "The London Times," printed something about it.

Young Thomas was greatly delighted at all this.

He thought himself a little Ben Franklin.

In another corner of this same old freight car he put up some shelves.

These he soon had filled with bottles and glass jars.

It looked like a drug store or a chemist's shop.

That is indeed what it was, only Thomas did

not sell what was in his bottles. He was studying chemistry.

This was his first laboratory.

He was beginning to be an electrician.

He was trying to find out what happened when he mixed together two or three of the stuffs in the bottles.

One day something happened which frightened him very much.

A big noise! An explosion! A fire!

The conductor ran to the place and put out the fire.

Then he put out Thomas. He threw the printing-press and the bottles out of the window. He boxed young Edison's ears and threw him out after them.

---

He set up his next laboratory in the basement of his father's house.

One day he bought a book which told about the telegraph.

He began to study all that he could find about this strange thing.

When he had read the book through, he could not rest until he had tried it for himself.

He rigged up a line from his house to another boy's.

The two boys used stove-pipe wire for their line. The trees were their poles. Bottles were used for the glass knobs that the wire rested on.

They needed now a battery to start a current of electricity.

Edison had seen sparks come out from a cat's fur, when it was rubbed the wrong way. The story is told of him that he rubbed together two big black cats.

Neither puss liked to have its fur rumped in this way. So Edison had to give it up.

---

After a while some one bought him an old battery, and messages were really sent over this line.

One day Edison walked to the railroad station at Port Huron.

A fast train was rushing in.

All at once a little two-year-old child crept on the track just in front of the train.

A moment more and its little body would be crushed under the wheels.

Young Edison saw the danger.

He picked up the child at the risk of his life.

The father of the child was the telegraph operator at Port Huron station.

He offered to teach young Thomas Edison how to become a telegraph operator.

He learned very quickly. He was then only fifteen years old.

It was not long before he could send messages and take them faster than any one else.

Thomas Edison was now a young man working for himself.

While he worked he dreamed of the useful things he would invent.

But Edison did not know yet that the whole world would hear of him.

Other people did not know it either.

His employers found fault with him. They said he was "absent-minded."

His companions called him "luny." This was because he tried to think of a way to make one wire send two messages.

When they laughed at him and called him crazy, he said: —

"I shall make it send four messages."

He worked night and day. He did not care for dress or for fun.

But he was always poor. He spent the money he earned on books. He bought with it many things that he needed in making experiments.

He was always trying new ways. His employers did not like this. They said that his head was too full of his own plans.

So he lost one place after another.

At last he thought that he would try to get work in New York.

Edison was now twenty-eight years old.

He had no money. He wore old clothes. He was often hungry.

He tramped the streets for three weeks looking for a job.

One day he happened to go into an office on Wall Street to ask for work.

There was there a little electric machine. It rolled out a strip of paper. This told any one who looked at it, what stocks were selling for all over the world.

Some men buy and sell stocks all day. They are obliged to know the prices of the stocks every minute. The machine printed words on the paper.

This paper let men see whether they ought to buy or sell.

Just then the machine would not work. No one could find out what was the matter with it.

Even the man who made it could not set it going again.

Edison asked them to let him try to make it work.

Sure enough! In a few minutes it was working away as well as ever.

"We must not let such a man go," they said.

Now his good fortune began. He has never been poor again.

But he works as hard as ever.

He has a great laboratory where he makes his wonders.

His house is within a stone's throw. That word better than any other tells a boy how near it is.

But when Edison is working out any of his wonders, he does not take time to go home.

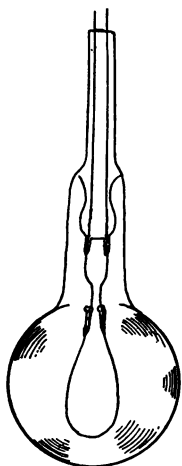
He sleeps on the bench beside his work table.

He eats a herring and a piece of bread for his lunch while he works.



He forgets to brush his hair and black his boots.

This is the way he worked when he was making the electric lights that are now in our houses and churches.



For months and months he took no rest.

Several thousand lamps were made before he could make the right one.

The little wires inside the globe that are bent in this way gave him a great deal of trouble.

At first he made them of platinum.

Do you know what this is ?

But they blackened the glass globe.

Then he tried carbon. But he could not make them thin and threadlike.

At last he made them of bamboo fibres. These are first bent into shape. Then they are put in a hot oven until the wood is almost changed into carbon.

Even Edison had to learn to be patient.

# FEBRUARY



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809



Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime ;  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.





## THE PIONEER'S LIFE

FOR a long time the Alleghany Mountains were like a high wall to the people who lived on the coast.

Nobody cared to climb over the wall to see what was on the other side.

Nobody dared, indeed, for beyond these mountains was a wilderness.

It was full of Indians and wild animals.

We climb over this wall easily enough now.

And the railroad train, like a huge snake, goes hissing through the land.

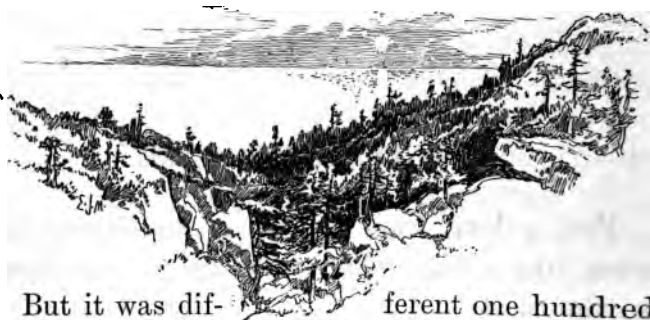
At last, it comes to another much higher wall.

This is the Rocky Mountain range.

But the snake of a train winds through and goes west on the other side.

At last it reaches California and the coast of the Pacific.

Here is the great ocean that Captain Smith thought was at the head of the Chickahominy River.



But it was different one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Those who first came over the mountain had a hard life.

One of these great pioneers was named Daniel Boone.



He crossed the mountains and hunted bears and buffaloes.

Then he built a rude fort in what we now call Kentucky.

This fort he named Boonesborough.

When it was finished, he brought his wife and daughters to live with him.

These were the first white women in Kentucky.

But he had to fight the Indians all the time.  
Once the Indians took his daughters prisoners.  
The girls tore pieces off their dresses and  
dropped them along the path.

This was to guide their father in following  
them.

The Indians were caught, and the girls taken  
away from them.

These backwoods people had to learn to be  
brave.

But this is a story of a backwoods boy.

It is a story of one who was born in a log hut  
and who became President of the United States.

You will love him when you hear how good  
and brave and honest he was.

How tall and strong, yet how gentle and kind!  
It is the story of Abraham Lincoln.



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"A LABORING man, with horny hands,  
Who swung the axe, who tilled his lands.

"O honest face, which all men knew!  
O tender heart, but known to few!"

## BOYHOOD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in a log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky.

It was on February 12, 1809

Here is a picture of the home in which the baby was born.

It was a poor cabin with only one room.

His father was a poor man, who could hardly write his own name.

His grandfather was Abraham Lincoln, who had been a friend of Daniel Boone.

He had moved to Kentucky about the same time as his friend Boone.

He had been killed by the Indians.

The little baby was named after his grandfather Abraham.

Little Abe grew into a healthy and happy child.

When he was seven years old, his father moved to Indiana.

*Here he lived in a house of the poorest sort.*



It had only three sides.

The fourth was open to the weather.

There was no chimney, the fire was built out of doors in front of the open side.

Such a house was called a "half-face camp."

There was no floor.

Above the room was a little loft.

This was Abraham's bedroom.

Do not think that there was anything so fine as a stairway!

No, indeed!

The little fellow had to climb up on pegs driven in the wall.

His bed was a pile of dry leaves in a corner.

Abraham wore trousers of deer-skin.

His hat was a coon-skin.

On his feet were home-made moccasins.

His shirt, or blouse, was made of linsey-woolsey.

These were "pretty pinching times," he said.

You would be surprised to know all that little Abe could do when he was only ten years old.

He could drive a team of horses.

Handle a plough and sickle.

Thresh the wheat with a flail.

Chop wood and clear a field for planting corn.

Help his father in carpenter work.

Help him to make chairs and shelves and cabinets.

He was ready to help the women, too.

He would carry water, make the fire, and tend the baby.

His father was so poor that sometimes Abraham had to go as a "hired boy" to a neighbor.



## LINCOLN AT SCHOOL

WITH all this hard work little Abe was not getting much schooling.

He went to school "by littles," he says.

The old log schoolhouses of those days had large open fireplaces.

The boys had to chop the wood and build the fire.

The schoolmasters did not know very much themselves.

And they were often cruel men.

They whipped the boys with long switches that were used to drive the oxen.

But little Abe learned to read and write.

Above all, he learned to think for himself.

When he did not understand anything, he went into the woods.

Here he thought the matter out and tried to put it into clear words.

He had not many books. Those he had he knew by heart.

The Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Robinson Crusoe*, he read over and over again.

One time a neighbor lent him a *Life of Washington*.

The book got wet, and little Abe was afraid that it was spoiled.

The owner said: "Being as it's you, Abe, I won't be hard on you.

"Come over and shuck corn for three days, and the book is yours!"

Great was the joy of the boy to have it as his own.

When he ploughed a field, he let the horse rest at the end of every long row.

Then Abe took out his book and sat on the top rail of the fence to read.

He wrote letters for the people who did not know how to write.

Sometimes he did his sums by the light of the fire on the wooden fire-shovel for a slate.



His pencil was a charred stick of wood.

The fences and logs around the farm were filled with his figures.

He wrote on the rails the thoughts that pleased him in the books that he had read.

*An army of a 10000 men having plundered a  
city took so much money that when it was  
shared among them each man had £27. I demand  
how much money was taken in all*

$$\begin{array}{r}
 10000 \\
 27 \\
 \hline
 70000 \\
 20000 \\
 \hline
 270000 \\
 270000 \\
 \hline
 270000
 \end{array}$$

*Abraham Lincoln His Book*

Here is one of Abraham's sums in his copy book.

You see he has proved it, too!

Do you sometimes prove your sums?

Some one says of him at this time:—

“Abe was the best penman in the neighborhood.

“One day I asked him to write some copies for me.

"He wrote several of them, but one of them I have never forgotten.

"It was this: —

"Good boys who to their books apply  
Will all be great men by and by.'"

One of the things he wanted to learn was grammar.

He heard of a man eight miles away who had a grammar.

He walked to the place and borrowed it.

The schoolmaster helped him to understand it. Soon he had it by heart.

How eager he was to learn!

He learned much more than some boys and girls who have good teachers and plenty of books.



## HIS FIRST DOLLAR

ONE day when Lincoln was about eighteen years old he earned two silver half dollars.

This was a great deal of money to him.

He rowed two men with their baggage from the shore out to a steamboat in the Ohio River.

For this each of them dropped a silver half dollar in his boat.

He said of this time : —

“I could scarcely believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day.

“I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time.”

---

## IN NEW ORLEANS

In that day, the farmers in Indiana sent what they raised to New Orleans.

They loaded their corn and potatoes on long flatboats.

These were floated on the Ohio River to the Mississippi.

Then down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

Lincoln was nineteen years old when he took charge of one of these boats.

This was his first journey into the world.

On one of his visits to New Orleans he saw a strange sight.

Negro men and women were being sold as if they were horses or dogs.

These unhappy people became the slaves of those who bought them.

Lincoln could not bear to see this sight.

He moved away and said to his companions:—

“Boys, let’s get away from this. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I’ll hit it hard.”



## LINCOLN, THE RAIL SPLITTER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was now a young man of twenty-one.

He was six feet four inches high.

His father had moved to Illinois.

The son helped his father to build a log cabin, and he split rails to make a fence around the corn-field.

Then to get clothes he hired himself out to work on a neighbor’s farm.

In that time, cloth was woven at home by the women. It was called homespun.

He had to split four hundred rails to pay for each yard of homespun cloth that went to make his trousers.

He was very strong and could lift as much as two ordinary men.

“His axe would flash and bite into a tree, and down it would come!

“If you heard him fellin’ trees in a clearin’, you would say there were three men at work.”



### HIS STORE

NEXT he tried to get his living by keeping store.

Many stories are told to show how honest he was.

Once he found he had given a woman two ounces of tea less than she ought to have had.

He walked a long distance to give her the rest of the tea.

Another time he found that he had taken a "fip" more than was due from a customer.

A "fip" was an old coin worth five and a quarter cents.

Lincoln walked several miles to give back the money.

So his neighbors began to call him "honest Abe."



## POSTMASTER AND SURVEYOR

BUT Lincoln loved books too well to be a good merchant.

After a while the store "winked out," as Lincoln said.

Then he was made postmaster.

He used to carry the letters around in the crown of his hat.

After this he studied surveying.

This teaches how to measure land so that the owner can know how much he owns.

Then he can put up his fences on the boundary lines of his lands.

This is a very important work in a new country.

A man must have a clear head and be good at figures.

Lincoln soon became a good surveyor.

He had not been doing sums for so long to no purpose, you see.

All this time he was becoming known to the people, far and wide.

They knew him as a big, awkward, shy young man.

But they knew him, too, as one who talked well on things that interested them.

He had thought out these things clearly and had opinions about them.

He convinced other people.

He made them laugh, too, with his funny stories and witty sayings.

He was honest and good-natured.

They told each other how tender-hearted this big, shy man was.

How it hurt him to see anything suffer!

One day Lincoln was riding along the road. He saw a pig stuck in a mudhole.

Piggy was squirming and grunting, but could not get out.

Lincoln did not like to touch the muddy pig.

For this was one of the few times that Lincoln had on a new suit of clothes.

So he rode on, and thought to himself that piggy might get out as best he could.

But when he had gone some miles, he turned back. He helped the pig out of the hole.

He said he did this "to take a pain out of his own mind."



## IN THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE

He made enough money at surveying to let him stop work for a while.

Then he studied hard and became a lawyer.

But he never took the case of a man who was in the wrong.

And he would not take money from poor people.

When he was twenty-five years old he was elected to the Illinois Legislature.

This is the body of men who make laws for the people of Illinois.



He put on a suit of homespun and started for the capital.

There was no train to take him nor stage-coach.

He was too poor to own a horse.

He had to walk one hundred miles.

I think he did not mind his long walk.

For his heart was full of hope, and his head full of plans.

So his long legs took big strides.

And his long arms swung at his sides, and he was glad.



## MEMBER OF CONGRESS

IN 1846 Lincoln was elected a member of Congress.

These are the men who meet at Washington and make laws for the whole country.

There was a great deal of talk then about slavery.

The Southern States had negro slaves.

The Northern States did not allow slavery.

But our country had just then got some new lands from Mexico.

Some people wished a law passed that there never should be slaves in this new land.

You may easily guess which side of this question Abraham Lincoln took.

He was soon known all over the country as a famous speaker.

He was asked to come to New York and tell the people there what he thought on this question.

But you must not think of him any longer as a young man of twenty-one, splitting rails.

It is now 1860, and Abraham Lincoln had lived fifty years in the world, working and thinking.



## LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT

IN 1860 the party who were against slavery met and nominated Abraham Lincoln for President.

That is, they named him as the one they wished to be President.

Some of his friends carried in two of the fence rails he had split when he was a young man.

Then the people cheered, and cheered again.

"Honest old Abe!" they called.

After his election, the terrible Civil War broke out.

President Lincoln was wise and patient and just.

He showed himself a great man in that sad time.

At the beginning there were many people who blamed him and found fault with him.

But before the war was over, everybody respected and loved him.



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Who can be what he was to the people,

What he was to the State?

Shall the ages bring us another

As good and as great?

PHOEBE CARY.

## THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

At last the war was ended.

The South had laid down its arms.

The soldiers of the North were coming home again.

Everybody was feeling happy and glad.

All at once an awful deed was done.

The President was shot by an assassin as he sat in the theatre April 14, 1865.

The whole people mourned for him; for he had a noble mind and a good heart.

Perhaps your father can tell you of the funeral of this good man.

How his body was carried from Washington to his home in Illinois.

How the people in the big cities crowded around his coffin.

How they wept over him.

They put on black clothes and shut their houses.

They mourned as if he were their father.

Kings and queens and princes in Europe sent wreaths for his grave.

## DEATH OF LINCOLN

OH, slow to smite and swift to spare,  
Gentle and merciful and just !  
Who, in the fear of God, did'st bear  
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,  
Amid the awe that hushes all,  
And speak the anguish of a land  
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done. The bond are free.  
We bear thee to an honored grave,  
Whose proudest monument shall be  
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life. Its bloody close  
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,  
Among the noble host of those  
Who perished in the cause of Right.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

# GEORGE WASHINGTON

BORN FEBRUARY 22, 1732



Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one  
Who was all this and ours, and all men's,— Washington.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## THE VIRGINIA BOY

His home was a low-roofed, comfortable old farmhouse.

It was on a hill that sloped down to the Potomac River.



All about it was  
farm land or forest.

There was a broad piazza in front, and a great chimney at either end.

It had a big attic, such as boys and girls love to play in.

But perhaps you would think that it was not a very grand house.

There was only one story and a half.

There were no carpets on the floors.

There was no gas nor electric light.

There were not many books, and the furniture was not very fine.

But it was a comfortable and happy home for all that.

Here, on February 22, 1732 was born George Washington.

There were already two boys in the house, Lawrence and Augustine.

They were half brothers to George.

With these boys and his own brothers and sisters, who were born after him, George always had plenty of company.

And he was fond of company and liked sport of all sorts.

He could ride a horse when he was only eight or nine years old.

He could swim and row. He was the fastest runner and the best wrestler among all the boys around.

No boy could "dare him" to anything that needed skill or strength.

He had to go to school, of course.

This was a little log schoolhouse, called a "field school."

Sometimes nothing would grow in a field. Then they built a log schoolhouse on it.



It was to such a school that Washington was sent.

He and the other boys used to play soldier.

They had cornstalks for guns and gourds for drums.

Part of the boys played that they were French.

The other side, with Washington at the head, were Americans.

Then there would be a furious charge and a great battle.

It was all in play, of course.

The little captain would always be the victor.

---

So he grew up to be strong and manly.

There were not many things he was afraid of.

He never did an underhand thing. He hated a lie. He could always be trusted to keep his promises. He was obedient.

But he was just as fond of fun, just as boisterous and boyish a boy as you are.

---

He could not bear to let anything master him.

Once he made up his mind to break a wild colt that would not let anybody mount him.

He went into the field very early in the morning.

He caught the colt and flung himself on its back.

But the young colt had as much spirit as its young master.

It plunged and reared. Still the boy kept his seat.

At last, worn out with the struggle, the colt fell dead.

Young Washington was very sorry for this.

When he went into breakfast, his mother asked some question about the colt.

"Madam," said Washington, "I killed the colt this morning."

---

It was his mother, now, who had to look after her son, for the father was dead.

What should she do with this big, high-spirited son of hers to make him a good man?

This was a question that gave her a great deal of anxiety.

He was now sixteen. He had learned in school a little bookkeeping and surveying.

The boy wanted to be a sailor. He dreamed of a free life on the blue waters.

His mother had almost given her consent.

But, at last, the thought of losing her boy was too painful.

Washington loved his mother dearly. Rather than grieve her, he gave up his dream of the sea.

While Washington was at school, he wrote out, in his copy book, over fifty rules for behavior in company.

Here are some of these.



### SOME OF WASHINGTON'S RULES FOR CONDUCT

In the presence of others, sing not to yourself, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking.

Jog not the table on which another reads or writes.

Lean not on any one.

Read no letters, books, or papers in company. But when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave.

Look not nigh when another is writing a *letter*.

Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Think before you speak.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself and disturb not the audience.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Make no show of great delight in your food.

Feed not with greediness.

Cut your bread with a knife.

Lean not on the table.

Neither find fault with what you eat.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.



## WASHINGTON, THE SURVEYOR

WHEN George was sixteen years of age, he left school.

At that time, a great part of Virginia was owned by a rich man named Lord Fairfax.

He did not know how much land he owned, for it had never been surveyed.

Now George had learned how to do this.

This great man asked young Washington to survey his lands on the other side of the mountains.

He offered to give him good pay for this work.

So Washington set out for the wilderness.

He crossed rough mountains and waded through streams.

At night he slept out under the sky, by a campfire.

He had to find his own dinner and cook it.

With his gun he killed wild turkey or other game.

Or with his line he caught a fish in the stream.

Then he toasted his meat or fish before the campfire.

He held it on a forked stick until it was done.

He came across some Indians, too. He saw them dance to the music of a strange drum.

This was made by stretching a deer-skin very tightly over the top of a pot half full of water.

Washington lived this rough life for three years.

He was learning to be a soldier ; but he did not know it.

He was learning how to bear hardships ; how to endure.

When Washington came home, he was a young man nineteen years old.

The Governor made him major in the militia.

He was called, after this, Major Washington.

Then he took lessons in military drill from an old soldier.

He learned how to use a sword.

Just at this time the English people thought that they would have to go to war with the French.

Let me tell you why.



## WAR WITH THE FRENCH

THE French people had made homes up in the north in Canada, as you have read.

Now they were coming south along the Ohio River.

They said that all the land west of the Alleghany Mountains belonged to them.

They said that the English must stay between the mountains and the ocean.

The English did not like to be shut up in such a narrow strip of land.

They said that the whole continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, belonged to the English king and people.

Of course, they did not know how wide it was.

But that would not have made any difference, I suppose.

"John Cabot and his son sailed all along this coast from north to south," they said.

"This was many years before any French people came here.

"So the land belongs to us!" said the English.

"No, it belongs to us!" said the French.

At last the Governor of Virginia made up his mind to send a letter to the French about the matter.

But who would carry it?

It is easy enough to send a letter to-day.

You put on the corner a stamp with the head of Washington on it.

You slip it in a little box at the corner of the street.

And in a few days here is the answer beside your breakfast plate!

When the Governor was looking for somebody to carry his letter, he chose Washington.

He knew the woods and the ways of the Indians.

---

## HE CARRIES THE MESSAGE

He set out on this hard errand.

He took with him a few hardy men.

He had to make his way over mountains on horseback. He had to cross swollen streams.

After a long journey he reached the Ohio River.

Here he got a chief called "The Half-king" and some other Indians to go with him to the French fort.

The French officers read the letter. They sent word back that they would not give up their fort.

Washington now started for home.

He carried a pack on his back and his gun on his shoulder. With another man named Gist he went ahead of the other men.



They had a rascally Indian for a guide.

This fellow wanted to carry Washington's gun for him.

But Washington did not trust this fellow and carried it himself.

At length, as evening came, the Indian turned and suddenly fired at Washington.

He did not hit him, for it was dark.

Before he could load his gun again, they seized him.

Gist wanted to kill him, but Washington let him go.

This was not the only time that Washington nearly lost his life on this dangerous errand.

He and Gist tried to cross the Allegheny River on a raft.

The river was full of floating ice.

Washington was pushing the raft with a pole.

All at once the pole caught in something and he was thrown into the icy river.

He got out again, but had to spend the cold night on an island in the river.

The next morning they got ashore by walking on the ice.

At last he returned and gave the Governor *the* answer to his letter.

The story of his journey was talked about all over the country.

The people in Virginia thought that Major Washington was the bravest young man in the land.

---

## WASHINGTON IN THE FRENCH WAR

THE French had been asked to go away, but they would not.

The Governor now made up his mind to drive them away.

So Major Washington was again sent West to take and hold the country for the English.

On his first trip he had come to a place where the great rivers meet.

These are the Allegheny and the Monongahela rivers.

“Here is a good place for a fort,” said he.

“There will be a great city on this spot, some day.”

Now he hurried on to build his fort at that point.

But the French were already there.

They had built a fort which they called “Fort Duquesne.”

So Major Washington went back a little to a place called "Great Meadows."

Here he built his fort and called it "Fort Necessity."

But Washington had only a few soldiers, and the French had a great many.

Washington was wise as well as brave.

When he saw that he could not hold the fort, he marched out.

Then he went home to Virginia.



## WASHINGTON AND GENERAL BRADDOCK

THE next year the King of England sent some of his own soldiers over to fight the French.

At their head was General Braddock.

"We shall make short work of them," he boasted.

He was proud of his soldiers in their bright red coats.

He thought that the Americans did not know how to fight. He saw that their coats were *shabby* and that they did not march well.

Major Washington told him that the Indians were helping the French.

"They do not stand up and fight like the whites," said he.

"They lie in ambush, and jump out when you least expect them."

He begged him to send out scouts.

Scouts are soldiers who go ahead of the army and find the hiding-places of the enemy.

But General Braddock laughed at all this.

"Pooh! pooh!" he said, "I know how to lead an army."

He was a brave man, but he was not a wise one.

He thought that he knew more than anybody could tell him.

He would not learn from others.

"Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other."

This wise saying was first written in *Poor Richard's Almanac*.



You have read about this book and the great Doctor Franklin who wrote it.

Let us now see what happened to General Braddock.



### BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

It was in July, 1755. Braddock and his army were marching along a narrow track in the woods.

Everything was silent. There was not a sound but the tramp, tramp of the soldiers.

All at once the woods rang with the wild cry of the Indians.

It was like the howling of a pack of wolves.

Hidden behind trees and bushes, the Indians shot down the English.

The Americans took to the trees and fired back in Indian fashion.

But the English soldiers could not see anything to shoot at.

Braddock made them stand up in line as if the enemy were in front of them.

They did not run away; they obeyed orders; *they were brave.*

The poor fellows were easily shot down.

General Braddock himself was killed.

Washington had two horses shot under him.

Four bullets went through his coat.

But the battle was lost, in spite of all he could do.

This war lasted for a long time.

At the end of it the French were driven out of the land west of the Alleghany Mountains.

They even had to give up Canada to the English.

The English people soon began to move into the new land.

Then the states of Kentucky and Tennessee were made.

Washington was now the hero of the people.

Colonel Washington he was now called.

He was glad to get home to beautiful Mount Vernon.

He had married a lady named Mrs. Martha Custis.

She had two little children whom Washington loved dearly.

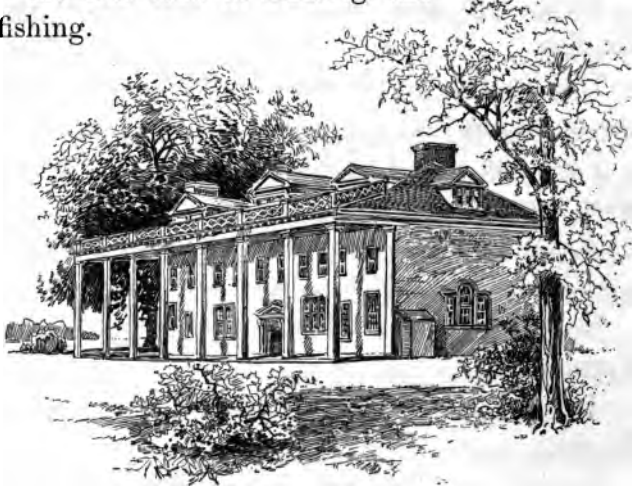
## WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON

COLONEL WASHINGTON now lived quietly at his home on the Potomac.

He rode over his large estate to see that everything went well.

He kept his accounts as neatly as he had written his copy-books when he was a schoolboy.

He was fond of hunting and fishing.

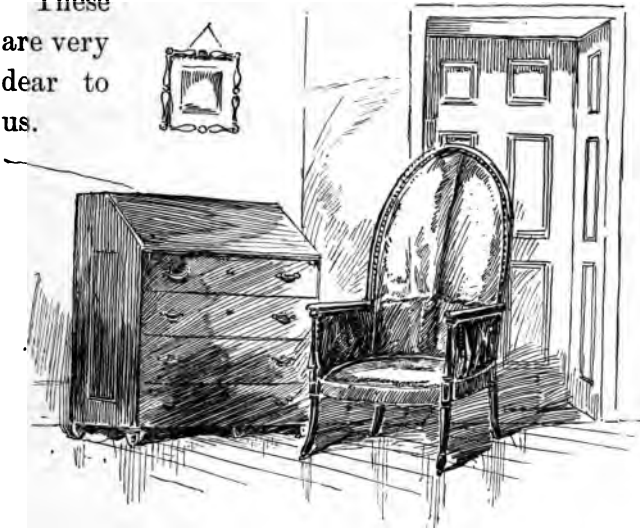


Here is a picture of Mount Vernon, Washington's home.

You must visit this beautiful place some *day*.

You may go inside and enter the rooms where Washington once lived.

These  
are very  
dear to  
us.

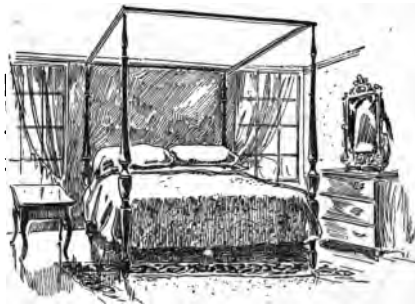


Here is the chair on which he sat; the desk at which he wrote.

Here is the bed on which he died.

Our govern-  
ment bought  
this house to

preserve it in memory of our first President.





You will read in the next chapter what Washington did for his country in the Revolution.

How brave and wise he was!

But here we shall talk a little about his life at Mount Vernon.

Washington had no little boy or girl of his very own.

He had two step-children, little "Jacky" and his sister "Patty."

These children were great pets of Washington.

He was very fond of little ones.

Often Washington took his little step-son "a hunting" with him.

Many times they "caught a fox" together.

Washington tells us of this in his diary.

Little Patty died when she was seventeen.

Her brother, though, grew to be a man and to have children of his own.

He was a soldier with Washington in the Revolution.

Just before the war was ended he died.

Washington loved him dearly.

He threw himself on a couch and wept like a child.

Mount Vernon was very lonely now without the children.

"Jacky" had left two little children. So Washington brought them up as his own.

Nellie Custis was his pet and pride.

She went with him in all his rides and walks.

Her bright chatter and sunny smiles could always set him laughing.

When you go to Mount Vernon you will see Nellie Custis's room.

There is the old-fashioned piano or harpsichord that Washington gave her.

Nellie's brother was much loved by Washington, too.

He grew up to be a man of gentle manners and fine tastes.

He wrote the *Life of Washington*.

He and his sister Nellie lived to be old people.

All his life Washington was fond of children.

He would walk up and down the great portico at Mount Vernon with a little toddling girl holding his finger.

Many a toy he bought for these pets.

Some of these keepsakes are now kept by the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the little folks to whom they were given.

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A history reader for elementary schools.

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